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military normal high school in that city, he acquired the knowledge and mental discipline whence have flowed his power and distinction. Among acquirements of a much higher kind, he formed a beautiful hand, which proved of no small service in the commencement of his career. Afterwards he became a pupil in the mathematical school at Thurm, near Carlstadt. On completing his studies in that institution, he was incorporated in the Ogulin regiment in the capacity of cadet. Then he accepted a civil office, in which his calligraphy was his chief recommendation. Major Cajetan Kreezig, his employer, is said to have taken special pains to improve and guide the young man, who, however, seems to have neglected his duties, and in consequence found it convenient to relinquish his post. Hastening into Bosnia, he entered the service of a Turkish merchant. There his higher qualifications became known, and received recognition. Having renounced Christianity, and given his allegiance to the prophet of Mecca, Omar Pasha was made domestic tutor by his employer, whose children he accompanied to Constantinople. In that city he became writing-master in a military school. In that office, Lattas, now Omar Pasha, acquitted himself so well, that he was appointed by the now deceased sultan, Mahmud, writing-master to prince Abdul Medshid, at present the reigning sovereign. At the same time he was incorporated in the Turkish army as an officer. When, not long afterwards, his pupil came to supreme power, Omar was advanced to higher military posts. He proved very serviceable in the reform of the training system of the Turkish artillery, which has now so high a character. In consequence of his services in this and in other measures of improvement, Omar Pasha rose rapidly in the confidence and favour of the sultan, received the high appointment of Mushir, or Field-marshal, and was employed in several very difficult tasks, as the suppression of the rising of the Druses in the Lebanon.

In two recent events of great importance to Turkey, Omar Pasha has played the leading part: we allude to the pacification of Bosnia and to the Montenegrin war. It is well known that the sultan has for years past been endeavouring to reinvigorate his disjointed empire by the introduction of a system of civil reforms. The work has everywhere been one of great difficulty. It was so in Bosnia, where, instead of one head, there were a multitude of feudatories, small and great, each of whom exercised considerable power within his own district. Those vassals, descended from the old Bosnian nobility, established there in the time of the Hungarian domination, were Mohammedans, but in their relations with the Porte the diversity of races was not effaced under the power of a common religion. Yet those Bosnian feudatories, though of Slavonic blood, as are the Christians who dwell near and among them, were far from making common cause with those interesting populations. Here the sentiment of a unity of race disappeared before the diversity of religion. Thus the great proprietors of Bosnia were at once suspected by the Turks, whose dominion they disliked, and hateful to the Christians, whom they pitilessly oppressed.

These beys, or local princes, had always resisted the introduction of the Tanzimat, or system of reform; and when, in 1849, the Porte attempted to impose it on that province, it encountered a well-concerted conspiracy. The prevalent representation on which it had been raised was, that the sultan aimed thereby to substitute for the local authorities his sovereign power, and, as a consequence, to exact heavy tribute from the feudal lords. The insurrection was at first feebly opposed. It soon became necessary to send into the province

a complete army; the command naturally devolved on the first general of the Kalifat, Omar Pasha. He entered on the duty of suppressing the insurrection with zeal and prudence; but it was only after a long and costly expedition that, in 1851, he succeeded in gaining the mastery over those sanguinary agitations. The conduct which the commander-in-chief observed toward the Bosnian Christians in the settlement partook no little of the spirit of a Moslem conqueror; yet it is true, that from the reforms which he succeeded in enforcing they derived no mean advantages. Nevertheless, their condition remained sufficiently unsatisfactory to give some colour to those claims of Russia which have led to the Russian invasion of the sultan's dominions.

That invasion was made with the less hesitation, from the result of the Montenegrin war, which seemed but too clearly to show the weakness of the Ottoman empire. Montenegro (Black Mountain) is a small province lying south of Bosnia, in the extreme west of the sultan's territories on the Adriatic, and in the immediate vicinity of the lands belonging to the Emperor of Austria. Of old, the Montenegrins were Ottoman subjects. But near the close of the last century they vindicated for themselves some sort of independence. This they were enabled to effect in consequence of the mountainous character of their country. The death of the *vladika*, or prince, Peter Petrowitch Niegosh, led to the transformation of a theocracy into a purely civil government, in the hands of an hereditary monarch, Daniel Petrowitch Niegosh, a creature of the emperor Nicholas, which seemed an open renunciation of the rights of the sultan, as undoubtedly it was a diminution of his power, if not an encroachment on his dominions. The revolution was joyously welcomed by the Montenegrin people. Omar Pasha, whose experience in the Bosnian war had taught him the political and military importance of Montenegro, did all he could to impress upon his government the danger to which Turkey would be exposed, should these events become ratified and lead to their natural consequences. While war from the sultan was debated in the Divan at Constantinople, the Montenegrins took the initiative, and commenced hostilities. Turkey was not slow to give a corresponding reply. Omar Pasha invaded Montenegro, and in spite of the bravery of its people, gained some advantages. Then Austria appeared on the stage. Retaining a grudge against the Porte for its liberal conduct in regard to Kossuth and the other Hungarian refugees, and being dissatisfied with measures taken by Omar Pasha in his military administration of Bosnia, and no little annoyed that in the Turkish army were many Polish exiles, Austria was but too glad of a pretext for interfering between the sultan and his dependants, and sent to Constantinople Count Leinigen (*Linange*, in French), to put forth complaints, and compel redress by supporting the Montenegrins. Meanwhile the Ottoman arms obtained but partial success. The natural strongholds of the land, defended by native valour, proved impregnable. Even the ability and prowess of Omar Pasha could do little more than maintain a doubtful position in the country. At length Austrian diplomacy prevailed, and the sultan drew out of the contest with a loss of territory, and a loss of credit. Omar Pasha had again proved himself a brave soldier and a great general, but he had failed to ward off from his sovereign a heavy blow.

With a zeal peculiar to renegades and recent converts, Omar Pasha has manifested active hostility against Christianity and Christians, and finds in that hostility a ground of confidence on the part of the Mohammedan Turks, who regard him as the hero of their cause.

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.—BY ANNA MARY HOWITT.

CHAPTER VII., PART II.

YOUTHS and children passed the dusty careering cab, in which, sunk back in a corner, lay poor Agnes, devoured with strange feverish horrors, and yet planning great plans for the future. These youths and children grasped in their hands bunches of blue hyacinths, and cowslips, and primroses, telling

of happy strolls among the distant woods; their faces were full of joy, and they all talked merrily among themselves, but Agnes heeded them not. Neither did she heed a poor sun-burnt countryman, who, standing at the corner of a squalid street, exhibited, with stolid mien, to a squalid crowd, a mar-

vellous banner of his own construction—a banner fit to have been borne in a procession to the honour of Flora. Primroses, and blue-bells, and cowslips, and tulips, and narcissi, all in thick clusters, massed together with bright contrasts, and upborne by a thick hazel-pole wreathed with ivy. The children, with their hot dirty hands and faces, eagerly stared up at the beautiful banner, attracted by its magic, as was also a certain astounded white butterfly which had bewildered itself among the smoky London roofs. Even the policemen's hearts were touched by the vision of spring beauty, and left the stolid countryman unmolested; and he had stood there all that livelong day with the same unmoved features, except when a most unusual gleam had passed across his copper-coloured face, as a tall gentleman, whom he had observed watching his banner for some moments, placed in his hand half-a-crown. Yes, Leonard had heeded the countryman whilst passing along this same great thoroughfare, although Agnes had not. And the tall gentleman, and the vast wealth of the half-crown, remained the one bright memory of London in the heart of the bearer of the floral banner for long dull years to come.

On rattled the cab past crowded stalls of fish and vegetables, where miserable flowers had baked in the sun's rays the hot day through, their parched leaves covered with dust, and fainting amidst the squalid crowd; and on rattled the cab out among suburban pleasantness, where lilacs were bursting forth into their fresh greenery, and where the little garden plots were gay with bright spring flowers; but Agnes heeded them not. Neither did she heed the darkened windows of a little house especially gay with spring beauty; and little did she divine that within its shadow Leonard's spirit had brooded, these last many hours of misery; nay, was still mysteriously linked with its sorrow. Agnes, forgetful of the Gaywoods and of their connexion with Leonard, was utterly unobservant of the road she was pursuing, and remained oblivious to all but her partial delirium.

Within the green duskiness of the Gaywoods' little sitting-room was an awful visitant. The Angel of Death already cast his shadow across the brow of little Cuthbert. Mary and Lucretia, with hushed breath, knelt beside the sofa where the child still lay, sleeping as Leonard had left him a few hours previously, but the features were sharper and the complexion more transparent. Suddenly his large eyes flashed open with a strange intelligence, a smile beamed over the whole transfigured countenance, and then the head sank with leaden weight upon the encircling arm of Lucretia. The supreme moment had arrived. The sisters sank their faces upon the little corpse with a sickness of the soul too deep for tears; and, marvellous to relate, through the brain of Lucretia passed a strange vision of seraphic awe. The spirit of the child shone down upon her with eyes of joy and purity unutterable—as if of effulgent glory was his whole being—and stretching forth his loving hand, suddenly another spirit was at his side, dimmer, sadder, yet scarcely less beautiful, and as if flaming up into brightness as it touched the hand of the child, and as the unheard accents of the child-spirit's quivering lips fell upon his ear. It was the spirit of Leonard!

And where was Leonard? Rousing himself at length from his torturing meditations, with a stern determination to meet Agnes, Leonard arose from beside the sofa of the dying child, and without indulging in a natural grief at what his soul told him would be his last glimpse in life of his beloved little friend, he quietly left the room and house, unseen by any one of the small household. But once more within the vortex of the metropolis, and approaching the presence of Agnes, disgust and world-weariness seized yet firmer hold upon him; he seemed impelled to fly from his stern judge, as if some irrevocable repulsion dwelt within her sphere. Her countenance, her fancied words, harrowed his morbid and vacillating nature, till, mingling with the old pain, a paroxysm, it may be, seized upon him, not unlike the misery of his poor mother, whose face was ever haunting him in strange juxtaposition with that of Agnes. Now Agnes' stern cold features melted into the unrecognising gaze of his mother as last he had seen her;

now as vacantly he stood staring into a toy-shop—the toys unconsciously bearing his memory back into the years of his childhood—the passionate words of his mother's love rang in his brain, but the words were words spoken with Agnes' stern, unrelenting, cold lips. Impelled as if by a demon, Leonard posted out of London. On and on he walked for hours, with a strange delirium upon him, which, as in the case of Agnes, showed itself in a restless desire for motion.

When the rejoicing rays of the morrow's sun darted sparkling through the matted boughs of a solitary wood, some miles from London, they fell upon the pallid face of a man who lay prostrate at the foot of a twisted and gnarled old thorn just bursting into blossom. The sun's rays danced merrily among the leaves; the soft morning breeze arose shivering through the branches, and scattering down the rain-drops which hung upon them from a shower fallen in the night. The little birds suddenly burst forth into their morning anthem, and the whole wood was awake and filled with an active joy. But the man lay unmoved. The glittering rain-drops fell upon him, glancing upon his soft but matted hair, and quietly rolling over his white face like bright tears. The wind waved his hair and the skirt of his coat; and a little bird, fluttering down from the thorn tree, perched upon his uncovered head, and began pecking the long, dank hair which fell upon the mossy ground, and with several hairs in her bill flew up again to weave them into her nest. A lovely green and orange beetle crawled wonderingly out of a hole in the thorn-tree root, and passed slowly across the man's clenched hand, as it lay outstretched upon the moss. Trees, birds, insects, and flowers had all awoke to activity and joy, but the man lay motionless among them. The sun rose higher into the heavens, and his rays fell through an opening among the trees with a searching violence upon that passive face; and then came a sudden shower, drenching the hair and clothes; but the form remained quiescent and as fading as a mass of crushed flowers which lay beside him. And sounds of gay laughter, from pic-nic parties in distant parts of the wood, floated upon the breeze to the old thorn tree; and the cheerful splash of oars from a little river which flowed through the wood; and the quiet bleating of sheep from sunny uplands; and the barking of watch-dogs and the crowing of cocks from lone homesteads and the yet more distant village. The sad face grew darker and more ghastly, and birds continued to sing over the poor corpse for three days, and grass, full of its young vernal vigour, and convolvulus, and vetches, had begun to nod over the face and hands and catch at the fearful fingers with their innocent, loving tendrils. But about sunset on the third day, a keeper, passing through the deep wood, discovers by his dog this strange trespasser. His face grows dark almost as the one upon the moss at which his dog barks and whines, and the keeper rushes out of the wood, and up to the distant village. And the passive figure lying at the foot of the thorn tree occasions a mighty convulsion within and around that rose and honeysuckle festooned and whitewashed public-house. And the doctor, and the beadle, and the landlord, and the keeper, and various other notables of the village, are off with a cart to fetch out of the wood this sad, terrible figure; and the coroner is sent for post-haste.

And when the moon slowly rises and shines between the clump of pines which grow upon the terrace of a beautiful Italian villa lying among the hills above the village, where the slender spire of the village church seems to melt away into the tender night heaven, and where the breath of May sweeps across meadows and into the open casements of cottages, cheering the hearts of the sick and wafting sweet dreams to the slumbering children, slowly comes the cart along with its fearful burden; and there is a busy hum of voices around the cart from the men who accompany it, and women and children glance fearfully at the procession as they stand outside their gardens in the dusty road; and some of the children begin to cry; but the women's voices murmur as busily as the men's who attend the procession.

And the clergyman and others are awaiting the arrival in the

dimly lighted mouldering church. And when the sad form is displayed by the glare of candles, the changed face is still not so changed but that the landlord gives a great gasp, and exclaims, all hot and excited—"Lord! Lord! if it aint that painter gentleman as used to be down here last summer a painting—a mighty great friend of Miss Pierrpoint's,—Lord! Lord! but my missus will take on a bit I reckon: he took a picture for her of our pretty little Rose as is gone, and was a right nice pleasant gentleman—Lord! Lord!"

And among the people looking in at the church door was the countryman of the floral banner; but the face glared upon by the dismal candles, and stolid in the midst of that excited assembly, was faded as the banner now was, and scarcely less an object of scorn. Though the countryman had only that very hour been showing his marvellous half-crown given by the tall gentleman, even he did not recognise the giver.

CHAPTER VIII.

O friends—O kindred—O dear brotherhood
Of all the world! what are we, that we should
For covenants of long affection sue?
Why press so near each other, when the touch
Is barred by graves?—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

W's left Agnes Singleton driving along in a cab towards the first glimpse of country freshness and repose which she should reach, with her being fevered with the memories of the awful Hamburg fire, and her soul sick with its renunciation of her love for Leonard. We will not follow her along her wild walk across the lovely stretch of undulating country, lying between Highgate and Hampstead, which so peacefully reposed that beautiful May evening, with its rich woods, and gleaming ponds, and soft green slopes, beneath the golden sunset sky—on, on she walked, like one in a trance, oblivious to all around her, and it was only a kind of instinct which led her back to London and her solitary home, when night had closed in. Neither will we describe her miserable awakening upon the morrow, nor how with this morrow still no Leonard came! Alas! Agnes little could divine that the earthly husk of Leonard's spirit lay fading and changing into an object of dread beneath the pleasant leaves and blossoms of the beautiful, peaceful woodland. Could she, as she wandered frantically along that soft May evening, but have manifested the richness of her love to him, instead of hardening her soul against him, would it have availed aught? Could she have withdrawn him from his miserable fate by the strength of her warm life—could she have bound him to the earth and to its beautiful realities? Had Agnes' eyes looked into his with all the devotion which filled her heart, would they have laid the phantoms which tortured her brain? Had the voice of Mary Gaywood reached Leonard's ear, clear as a bell and holy as a seraph's hymn pouring itself forth in "I know that my Redeemer liveth," as upon many a twilight—would the demon have been laid, as within Saul's breast by the touch of David's harp? Could aught have rescued Leonard from the last sad act? Alas! Leonard was one of those beings left, in the extreme moments of their existence, to struggle utterly alone; abandoned, as it seems, by man—abandoned even by their better self; and whose cup of misery flows over in completest bitterness through the loss of faith in the one True Friend, the Father without whose knowledge not a sparrow falleth to the ground.

Honoraria is standing beside the bed of Agnes with an extraordinary mournfulness and pallor upon her noble countenance. Agnes is lying dressed upon her bed, and appears sunk in a profound sleep. There she has lain for two days and a night. Honoraria has learnt from Agnes' servant that she has awakened once and drunk a cup of coffee, and again fallen into her death-like sleep. Agnes was not one of those people who would fall into a brain fever, or pine away and break their hearts, however bitter the pain; her physical being was utterly exhausted, but Nature, that marvellous restorer, sank her into the Lethe of sleep in order to again brace up her being for fresh endurance! Alas! poor Agnes, thou art proud and filled with a bitter indignation, which for the time would have silenced thy

cry of love—had Leonard lived! How will thy soul array itself in sackcloth and ashes for each shadow of reproach and anger, when thou shalt hear that Leonard is dead—has died by his own hand!

Whilst Honoraria gazed upon that calmly sleeping pale face, the tears rolled quietly over her cheeks, and stooping down to impress a kiss upon her friend's brow, the eyes of Agnes suddenly unclosed and looked at her for a moment in bewilderment.

"Oh, Honoraria!" cried she, hurriedly, and started up, "Honoraria! Where am I?—Oh!—I begin to recollect—but how kind of you, Honoraria! How did you learn of my return? What a great, great joy to see you, beloved friend! I have been so strangely exhausted by all that great fatigue of the fire—that awful fire at Hamburg, Honoraria. You can tell me what news has arrived since I left. I have been in a strange dream ever since, but am quite refreshed now." And she rose from her bed, and drawing back the window-curtains, looked out into the sunny street. "Honoraria, I have lost all count of time; I have no conception what hour of the day it is; scarcely what day it is of the week. I feel like one of the sleepers of Ephesus," with a deep sigh and her head sinking upon her breast. "Honoraria, I shall have such sad things to describe to you about that fire, when I feel less weary than I do now; and some noble and beautiful things, too; but oh, my God!" and Agnes, dropping her arms upon the toilette-table, buried her face upon them, and deep sobs shook her frame. Honoraria watched her friend in the most painful state of suspense. Had she seen Leonard since her return? did she know any circumstances which might throw light upon the termination of his life? what did this demonstration of a great grief denote? and Agnes, too, ordinarily of so undemonstrative a character? Honoraria knew not how to enter upon the miserable inquiry, how to break the sad intelligence to her.

Agnes soon restrained herself. "Honoraria," said she, with a sad, faint smile, "I am so utterly exhausted by this great excitement, my nerves so thoroughly unstrung, that I must appear in your eyes little better than a weak child; but you must have read of some of the horrors of the fire in the papers. And, Honoraria, only think, I have had a great loss myself: all my papers—all my labours of the past winter at Upsala and Stockholm—are probably lost. Is it not a sad thing for me? But you do not seem to appreciate my loss, dear Honoraria—the loss of such valuable material?" "That seems to me at this moment but a small loss, Agnes," spoke Honoraria, with trembling lips, and her eye rivetted with an unspeakable sadness upon her friend. "Of course, of course, Honoraria, in comparison with the loss at Hamburg of life and property; but, just at this moment, to me this loss of mere written paper is very sad; it was so very, very dear to me!" And again tears chased themselves down Agnes' face, and her lips quivered convulsively. "Agnes, my dear, dear Agnes!—But there is Leonard!" and Honoraria would have drawn Agnes' bowed face upon her breast; but Agnes started violently up, and exclaimed,—her face flushed crimson, and her eyes sparkling with a wild light—"Honoraria, never, never speak that name to me: our love is at an end: with him it never existed! He is to me as one dead. For his sake—for mine—let us never, never speak of Leonard!"

"Have you seen him since you returned, Agnes?" eagerly inquired Honoraria.

"No, no, Honoraria; he loved so little that he never came, although I summoned him—yes, in the first hour of my arrival. Oh! Honoraria, was *that* love?" and the poor girl trembled with a bitter passion.

"My Agnes, Agnes! Leonard is DEAD!" cried Honoraria, flinging her arms around her friend, and pressing Agnes convulsively in them.

"Dead!" spoke Agnes, in a low hoarse voice, tearing herself from Honoraria; then, as if in whisper, "Dead!" and Agnes had sunk upon the floor in a swoon.

It was a most painful task to communicate to Agnes, upon her awaking, the truth regarding the death of Leonard, and

little was the light which the unhappy girl could throw upon the motives leading to such a deed as self-destruction. That he had been seized with a sudden fit of insanity was their sad verdict, as well as that which the coroner had passed the evening before.

News of Leonard's death had been brought with the early dawn to Honoria upon the very day we find her now with Agnes. Accompanied by her father, she had hastened down, post-haste, into the neighbourhood of Dorking, when, having satisfied themselves that the body was indeed that of poor Leonard Hale—having learnt all the very small information that could be given by the villagers, and arranged with the clergyman what was necessary to be done for the interment respectfully and mournfully of the poor corpse within the

hasty note in Agnes' hand, and to which, sobbing violently, the good old woman of the house pointed. For, like every one brought within his sphere, Leonard had inspired her, through his gentleness, with a strong affection for him.

"Oh, *do* you think, Miss Pierrpoint, mum, that there was anything wrong between Mr. Hale and Miss Singleton. Oh, if we had but known that the poor gentleman had had anything upon his mind—my old man and I—I'm sure and certain we'd have worked the very flesh off our bones to have given him a bit of ease. He was such a sweet-spoken gentleman! Yes, indeed, Miss Pierrpoint, mum, and Mr. Pierrpoint, sir, he was far more like a lady in his ways than any gentleman—never a cross word; but it was always—'If you please, Mrs. Buddle;' and, 'I'll be obliged to you if you will have my



AGNES IN LEONARD'S STUDIO.

precincts of the quiet church-yard—they returned as rapidly again to town, there to prosecute fresh inquiry. Honoria, upon their journey, communicated to her father, the, to him, most astounding intelligence, that Leonard Hale and the son of Augustus Mordant were one and the same person. The old gentleman appeared unable to realise such a surprising fact. "And yet, and yet, Honoria, you remember how the likeness to Mordant always struck me in the young man: but it is surprising, surprising!" he repeated a dozen times as they hurried back to London.

Honoria knew that Agnes was expected from Sweden about this time, and her anxiety regarding her waxed great; but that she had really returned Honoria first learnt at Leonard's lodgings, whither she and her father had immediately hastened. There, upon a table beside Leonard's easel, lay the little

breakfast ready at the hour I ring for it; and, 'You'll oblige me by not disturbing my pictures;' always 'please' and 'thank you' so natural like, and so punctual in his payment. Mum, it's true *this* month is owing for; but then, poor young gentleman, he could not have foreseen his death, you know." And she sobbed violently into her checked apron. "And all his traps, mum—Mr. Pierrpoint, sir—what's to be done with them? Mr. Buddle and me, we've had a precious deal of talk about who'd look after them. If Miss Singleton—but I don't think she cared much for the poor departed gentleman,—that I don't, indeed, mum; for Mr. Hale, he never seemed revived like by her letters; and the very last morning that I set eyes upon his blessed face, came that trumpety bit of a note there from her, and she just come, her servant said, from across the sea, and to send such a two or three lines as *that*! And he

seemed to think so too, for he drew and drew a mortal long time before he went out—to see *her* we supposed. Now that does not look much as though she cared for him—do it, mum?”

And so Mrs. Buddle sobbed and chattered, and passed judgment upon Agnes Singleton, whilst Honoria gazed round the room filled with its traces of poor Leonard's sad life and beautiful genius, till her heart swelled with a sad pain. Mr. Pierrpoint meantime condescended to communicate all the details of the discovery of Leonard's body and of the inquest to Mr. Buddle, who, with spectacles on nose and newspaper in hand, listened breathlessly to every word. The newspaper contained a paragraph descriptive of the discovery of a dead man within a wood near Box Hill, and that paragraph had greatly excited Mr. and Mrs. Buddle's nerves—already excited by the disappearance of their cherished lodger—and Mr. Buddle, in a nervous trepidation, had just made up his mind to set off that very afternoon to look at the corpse, so soon as Mrs. Buddle should have fortified him for the journey by a hot luncheon, when the sad mystery was partially cleared up by the appearance of Mr. and Miss Pierrpoint. And now Honoria sought out poor Agnes, as we have already seen.

Within a week's time Mrs. Buddle had to retract her hard judgment upon Agnes.

“Oh, Mr. Buddle, it is enough to make one's very heart break, to see the face of that poor young thing Miss Singleton! Not that she takes on like as I should have done, a crying and a sobbing like; but she looked so very white in her black dress when she stepped out of the carriage in which Miss Pierrpoint brought her, that I'd a mighty piece of work of it not to begin a crying myself in her face; and they says not a word, but Miss Pierrpoint and she they just goes into Mr. Hale's painting room as was, and I hears the key turned in the lock, and Miss Pierrpoint comes down directly—and don't disturb her on no account,” says Miss Pierrpoint, in her noble, commanding way; ‘leave her quite alone, Mrs. Buddle, I shall call again for Miss Singleton.’ But I assure you, Mr. Buddle, I got quite frightened—she stayed so long up in that there room. Thinks I to myself, if she should now make an end of herself, what a tragedy that would be! If she should fall into a fainting fit, or take on dreadful, whatever could one do for her? I listens, and listens, and listens, and I hears nothing at all, but the old clock ticking in the passage just as usual, and the distant cries in the road. I gets quite fidgety, and at last I remembers that I'd opened the window of Mr. Hale's painting-room this morning, and that if I stepped into the garden, without being inquisitive like, I could just quietly see what the poor thing was a doing of—it is but taking a motherly oversight, I says to myself—and then I steps across the flower-bed. I took care and did not trample upon your sweet-williams and sweet-peas, Mr. Buddle, so don't be so frightened!—and there I gently looks in—and Lord a mercy!—I was ready to give a skreech; for I sees the poor young lady lying upon the ground, and one grows quite narvus with such horrid histories; but she was neither dead nor in a swoond, I see immediately, for her hands were clasped and her head, as it lay upon a chair, shook with her violent crying; but all so quiet, Mr. Buddle; and there was the picture Mr. Hale were a drawing of—the woman dead at the foot of a cross—the very last day he were alive; she'd put it, poor young lady, up upon the easel; and there hung his cloak and garden hat behind the door, and all his colours and brushes and painting things and books lay about just as he'd left 'em—I'd not had the heart to touch them; and the sun shone in so warm through the window, and the birds were a singing so cheery, and some way I never felt sorrier for anything nor anybody in all my life, Mr. Buddle, I do assure you, and I did not know which to pity most, him or her; and I stepped quite back from the window and prayed that the spirit of peace might enter into that poor young thing's heart, and that she might put her trust in what is more than man. And then, whilst I was crying a bit to myself in the garden, and tying up your balsams, Miss Pierrpoint comes again, and

comes out to me in the garden, and asks me a deal about Mr. Hale, and she looks very sad; and says she, ‘Mrs. Buddle,’ says she, ‘Miss Singleton thinks she should like to come out into this quiet place and live with you—she would like to live in Mr. Hale's rooms; and you must disturb nothing till she comes—poor thing!—she was to have been Mr. Hale's wife, you know, Mrs. Buddle, and every thing is very dear to her. Now, if she comes to live here, you will be very attentive to her and kind, and will not disturb her in any way, for she is a great writer and very clever, and must be quite quiet, especially now she is so unhappy. Now, remember, she takes your rooms from this time, but she will not return here for some weeks, as she is going away with me into the country. But here is my address, and if you want anything, write to me; and if there are any little bills of Mr. Hale's to be settled let us know.’ Very handsome that of Miss Pierrpoint; but I don't think there will be many bills, he was such a very abstemious gentleman was Mr. Hale. And, then, Mr. Buddle, Miss Pierrpoint went up into the room, and directly after, without ringing for me, they lets themselves out and drives away.”

Some ten days after Honoria and Agnes had thus abruptly left Mrs. Buddle's, and were located in a quiet village in one of the most beautiful districts of North Wales, whither Honoria had conveyed her friend, the following letter was received by Honoria from Ellis Stamboyse:—

Nottingham, May 25th, 1842.

MADAM,—Learning from my confidential clerk, Andrew Gaywood, of your friendship with Miss Agnes Singleton, I am induced to address you in preference to her, considering the natural state of her feelings in consequence of the rash and fatal act of my relative, Leonard Mordant, more particularly as the circumstances which I have to communicate bears upon her connexion with that unfortunate man.

A succinct narrative will perhaps be the best mode of presenting my communication.

On hearing of the fatal fire of Hamburg I hastened immediately to that city, but arrived only to learn, although the whole of the property and premises of our home remained in substance intact, that still we had sustained an irreparable loss in the death of the valued head of our house, Michael Stamboyse. He appears to have perished with several others, towards the close of the fire, in endeavouring to save a valuable amount of property lying in the city warehouses. My relative, who was a man of the strictest business habits, appears on the day previous to this event to have made a final will, which I found in his bureau properly attested, and which, to my astonishment, was made principally in favour of Miss Agnes Singleton, supposing her to become the wife of his unfortunate nephew, Leonard Mordant.

I have said that I made this discovery with surprise, because at that time this young lady's connexion with my relative was quite unknown. On inquiry, however, I soon learned of the singular circumstances of her arrival in Hamburg, and of the extraordinary manner in which these two strangers, of apparently such opposite characters, were thrown together, and became co-actors amid such appalling events. From Miss Singleton herself you will probably have heard the particulars, and more than I myself know of what passed between her and my deceased uncle, relative to Leonard Mordant.

From what I hear regarding this young lady's character, I deeply deplore the rash, and I must say sinful act, of poor Leonard, which has thus deprived both him and herself of benefits which Providence evidently designed for them.

This is perhaps hardly the time to express my sincere and earnest admiration and esteem of such portions of Miss Singleton's character as have come to my knowledge. At some future time, I trust that I may be enabled to evince to her the sincerity of these sentiments, and my earnest sympathy with her in this deep trial.

I remain, madam,

Yours truly,

ELLIS STAMBOYSE.

Of the tempest of affliction which had burst over the little home of the Gaywoods by this accumulation of death and sorrow, we will not speak; the sympathetic reader, who has accompanied us so far, will easily have conceived it.